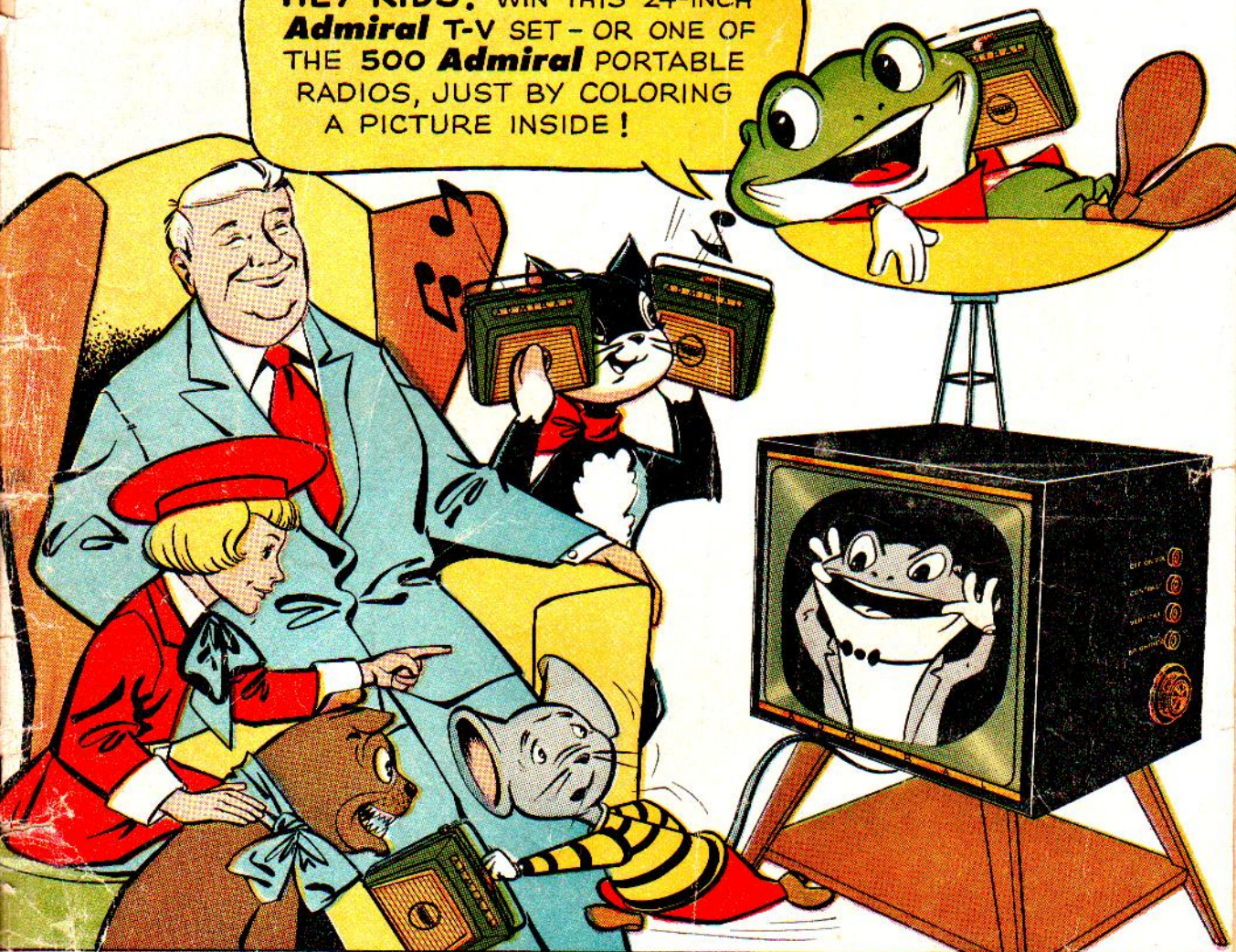


Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
38

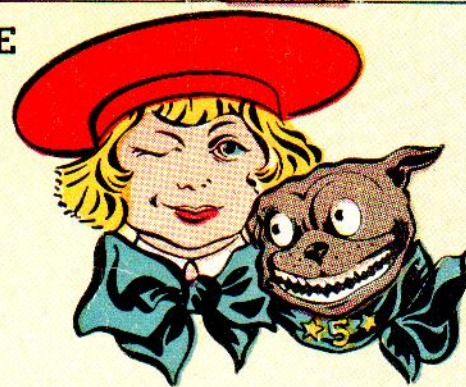
HEY KIDS! WIN THIS 24-INCH **Admiral** T-V SET - OR ONE OF THE 500 **Admiral** PORTABLE RADIOS, JUST BY COLORING A PICTURE INSIDE !



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

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Hey Kids!

how would you like
to win this 1955
24" **Admiral** table
model television set?

Or one
of the 500
Admiral
portable
radios!



See entry blank and rules inside..

Easter Miracle



OUR STORY HAPPENED LONG BEFORE THIS MODERN DAY OF SLEEK STREAMLINED DIESEL TRAINS, WHEN THE CARS WERE PULLED BY GREAT SIX-EIGHT WHEELER MOGULS, AND IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF A BOY NAMED TOMMY FARRELL WHO HAD RAILROADING IN HIS BLOOD.



I'VE GOT OLD NINETY-NINE WIDE OPEN, SON.

WE'RE SURE ROLLIN', DAD, AREN'T WE?

I'D BETTER TOSS IN A FEW SHOVELS OF COAL, EH, DAN?



NEXT SUNDAY IS EASTER SUNDAY, TOMMY, AND YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HOME AND GO TO CHURCH WITH MOTHER. I'LL GO TO BOSTON AS USUAL.

THAT CHURCH BUSINESS IS A LOT OF HOKUM, DAN. WHY DO YOU WASTE YOUR TIME?



BILL, YOU'RE MY FRIEND, BUT I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK IN MY ENGINE CAB, ESPECIALLY IN FRONT OF MY SON. SOME DAY YOU'LL WAKE UP AND SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY.

OKAY, DAN, DON'T GET SORE. YOU HAVE YOUR IDEAS AND I HAVE MINE.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING NINETY-NINE PULLED INTO BOSTON AND TOMMY AND HIS FATHER WENT TO CHURCH AS USUAL, THEN TO A RESTAURANT FOR BREAKFAST WHICH WAS QUITE A TREAT FOR TOM. LATER OLD NINETY-NINE TOOK THEM HOME. BUT IT WAS ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER WHEN THE FARRELL FAMILY AWOKE TO A DAY THAT DID NOT START HAPPILY.



MOTHER... YOU'RE CRYING!

GEE... WHAT'S WRONG, MOM?

OH, DAN... I HAD THE MOST TERRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT. IT HAS FRIGHTENED ME SO MUCH!



NOW, NOW, CRYING OVER A BAD DREAM'S KIND OF SILLY, MOTHER.

BUT IT WAS SUCH A TERRIBLE DREAM... AND SO REAL!



I WAS IN YOUR ENGINE CAB, BUT SOMEHOW YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS THERE. THERE WAS A TERRIBLE STORM AND A HEAVY FOG. I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW OF THE CAB AND THERE SHOWING PLAINLY IN THE FOG WAS THE **SIGN OF THE CROSS**. I SCREAMED AT YOU BUT YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME. THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRASH AND I WOKE UP.

GEE... A CROSS IN THE FOG! COULD IT MEAN SOMETHING?

NOW, HERE, MOTHER. THIS IS EASTER WEEK AND YOU'VE BEEN SEEING THE CROSS EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN STORES, BECAUSE IT'S THE SYMBOL OF EASTER. THAT'S WHY YOU DREAMED ABOUT IT.

BUT A FEW DAYS LATER ANOTHER EVENT OCCURRED.



HOW COME YOU'RE NOT OUT PLAYING, TOMMY? EASTER SATURDAY AND NO SCHOOL.

TOM... ARE YOU ILL?

I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING.

I DREAMED MOM'S DREAM MYSELF LAST NIGHT. THE ENGINE WAS GOING LICKETY-SPLIT AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WAS THE CROSS SHINING ON THE FOG AHEAD, AND THEN A BIG CRASH AND I WOKE UP.

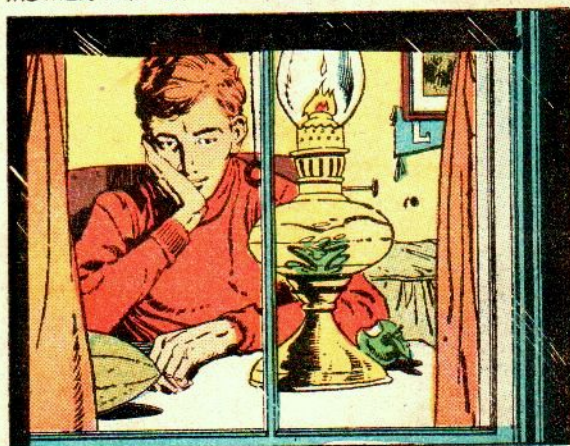
THAT'S EXACTLY MY OWN DREAM. OH, DAN, PLEASE DON'T MAKE THE RUN TONIGHT. YOU'VE GOT A SICK-TIME COMING. STAY HOME, PLEASE.

NOW, LISTEN. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS DREAM BUSINESS. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO PULL THE TRAINS AND IT HAPPENS TO BE MY JOB. I'LL MAKE THE RUN AS USUAL.





BUT TOMMY WASN'T SLEEPY. FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT AT HIS BEDROOM WINDOW, HIS CHIN IN HIS HAND, THINKING. HE WAS WORRIED AND PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE DREAM WHICH BOTH HE AND HIS MOTHER HAD EXPERIENCED.



TOMMY MAKES UP HIS MIND AND HE KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO.





STRAIGHT TO THE RAILROAD YARDS, TOMMY WENT.

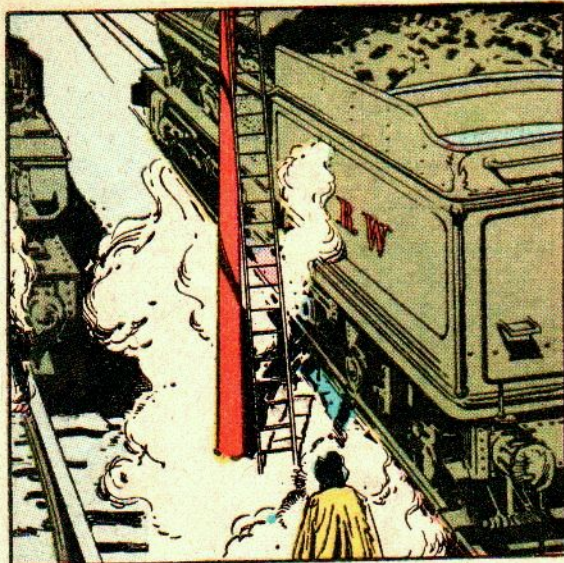


HE HAD NO TROUBLE LOCATING THE LIMITED, HIS FATHER'S OLD NINETY-NINE, BECAUSE TOMMY KNEW THE RAILROAD YARDS AS WELL AS MOST BOYS KNOW THEIR OWN BACK YARD.



THIRTY SECONDS, BILL.

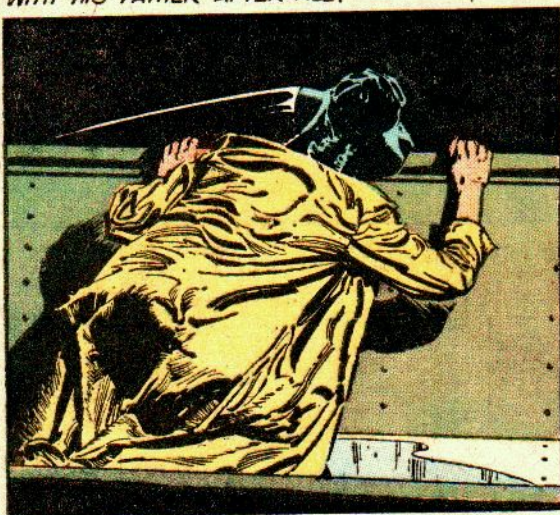
LET'ER ROLL. PRESSURE'S UP.

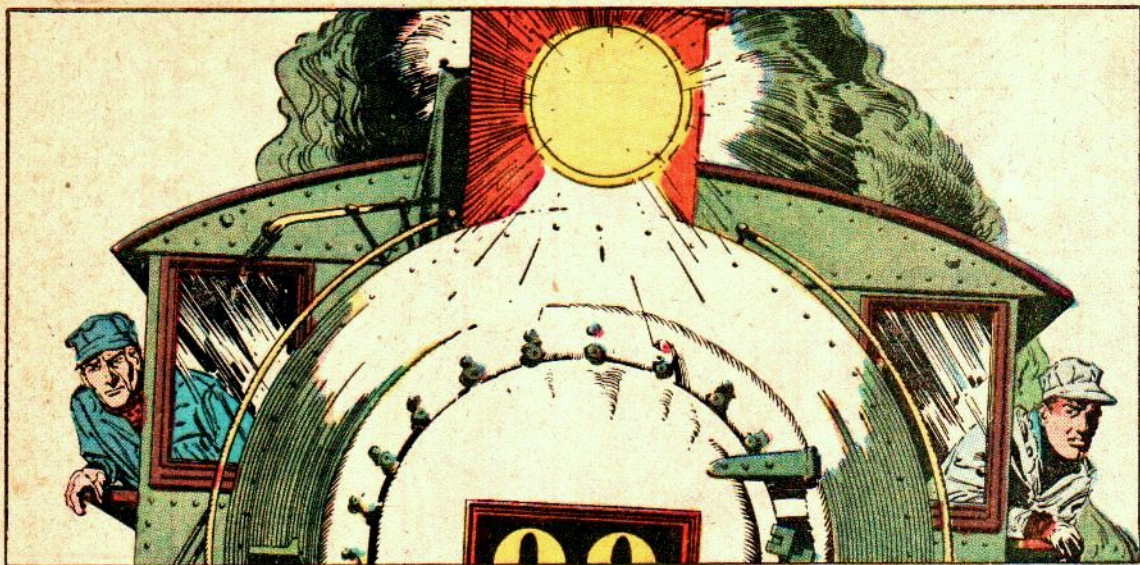


AND SO, TOMMY PREPARES TO GO TO BOSTON WITH HIS FATHER AFTER ALL.



AS THE STORM ABATES, THE FOG COMES IN HEAVIER AND HEAVIER, UNTIL FINALLY ALL VISIBILITY IS GONE.



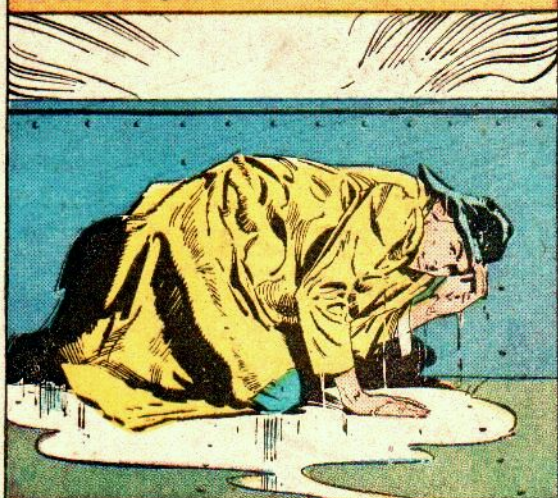


NO USE TO LOOK OUT THERE. I CAN'T SEE TWENTY FEET AHEAD OF THE ENGINE.

IT'S PRETTY BAD. I'VE NEVER SEEN WORSE. BUT WE GOTTA KEEP ROLLIN'.

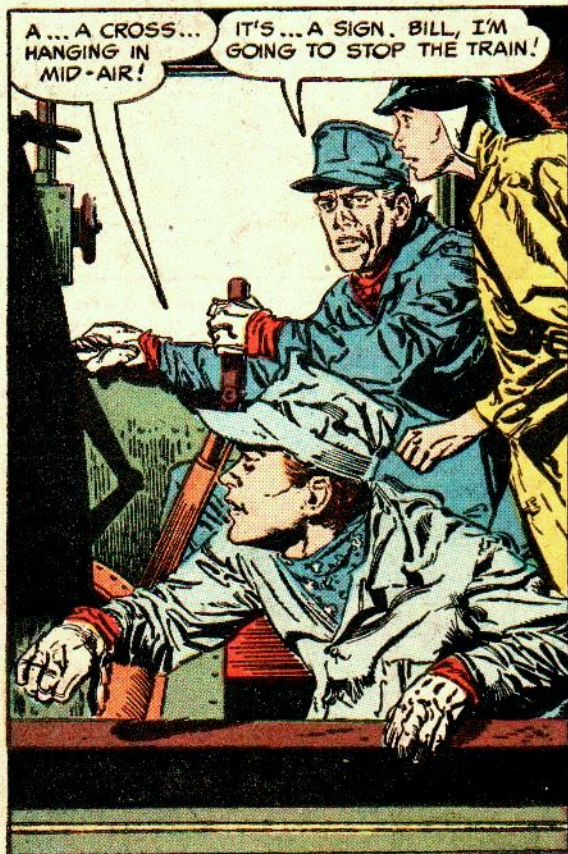


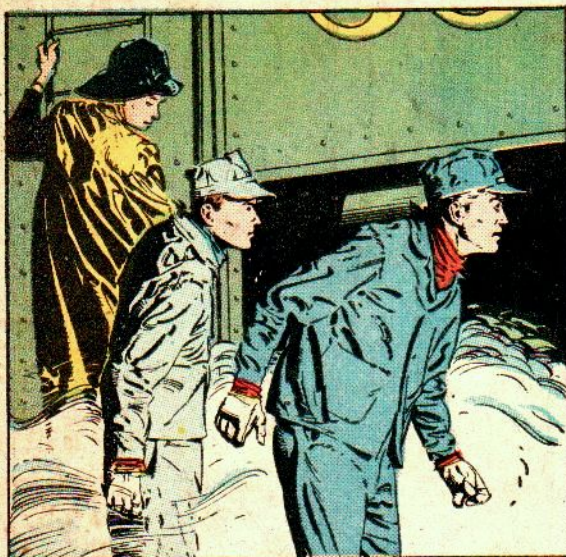
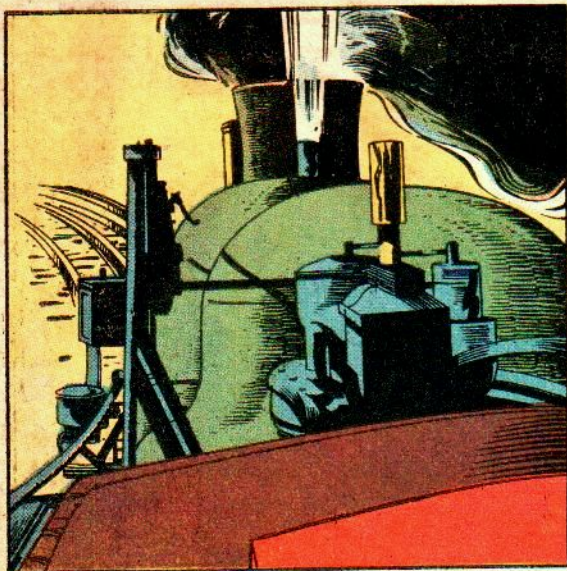
FOR A MOMENT TOMMY RELAXES HIS VIGILANCE TO GET A MOMENT'S REST.



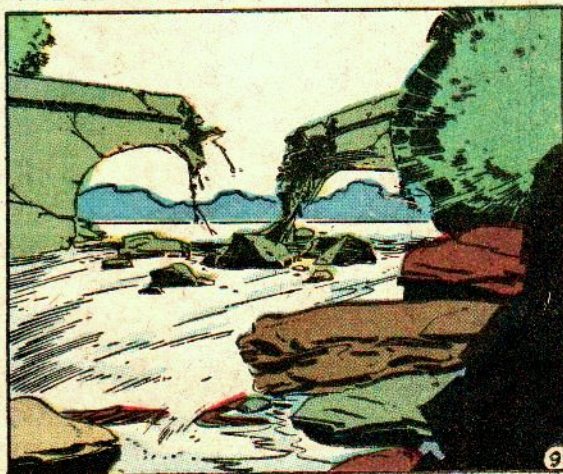
DAD! DAD!







UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE STORM-SWOLLEN TORRENT, THE CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE IS WRECKED. ANOTHER HUNDRED FEET AND THE TRAIN WOULD HAVE GONE OVER!





SO HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT, DAN? MIRACLE NOTHING!

BILL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU AND I WANT YOU TO LISTEN CLOSE.

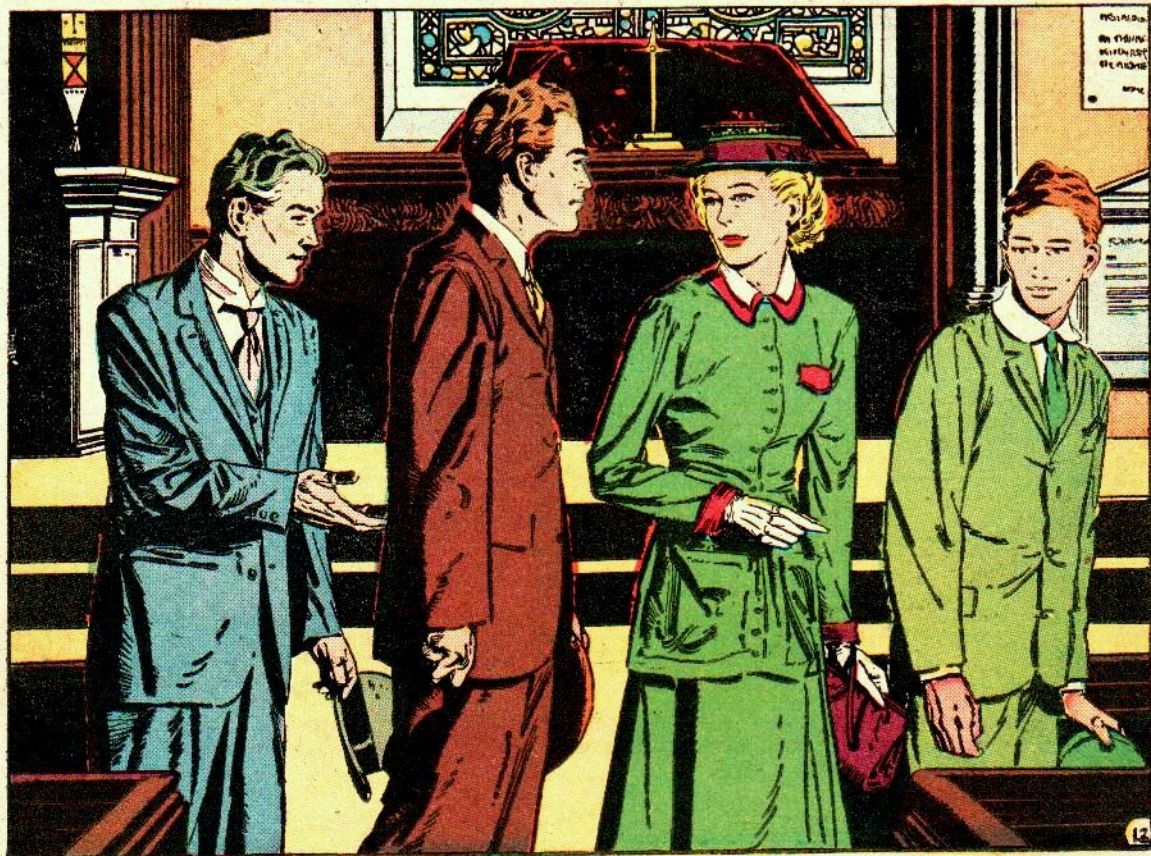
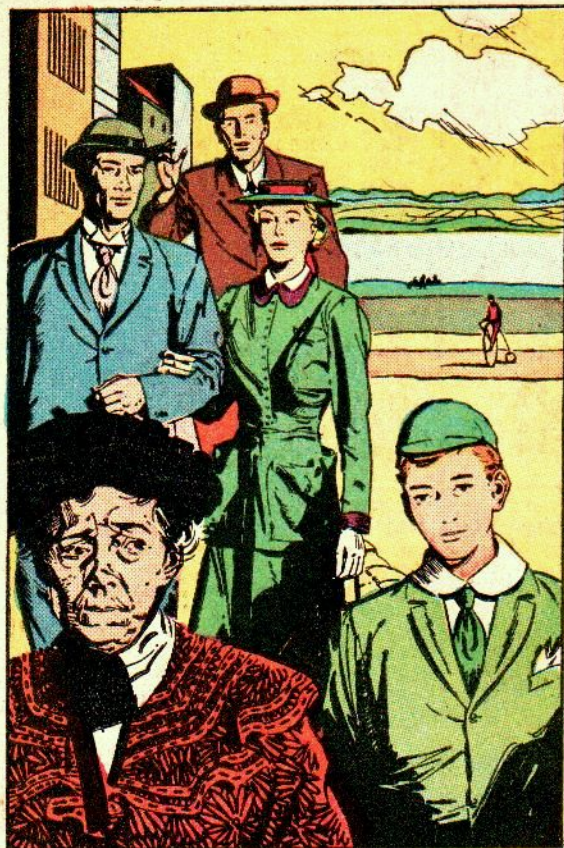
AND HERE IS WHAT DAN FARRELL HAD TO SAY:

"BILL, I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO EXPLAIN THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE, IT WORKS IN TOO MANY WAYS. I'M JUST GOING TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS INSTEAD. HOW WAS IT THAT JUST ONE INSECT WAS ABLE TO FLY THROUGH THIS PELTING RAIN? AND WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO BE A DRAGON-FLY WHICH IS SHAPED ALMOST IN A PERFECT CROSS? AND WHY SHOULD IT LAND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR HEADLIGHT WITHOUT GETTING SMASHED TO PIECES... WE WERE DOING NINETY MILES AN HOUR. AND REMEMBER, IT LANDED THERE JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THE SIGN OF THE CROSS AND STOP US FROM GOING INTO THE RIVER. BOTH MY WIFE AND MY SON DREAMED THE SAME DREAM THAT CAME TRUE TONIGHT. BILL... QUIT SNEERING AND LEARN TO TRUST IN PROVIDENCE!"

G-GOSH, DAN... MEBBE YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE.

I HAVE. WELL, LET'S BACK UP NOW. WE'LL NOT MAKE BOSTON TONIGHT.

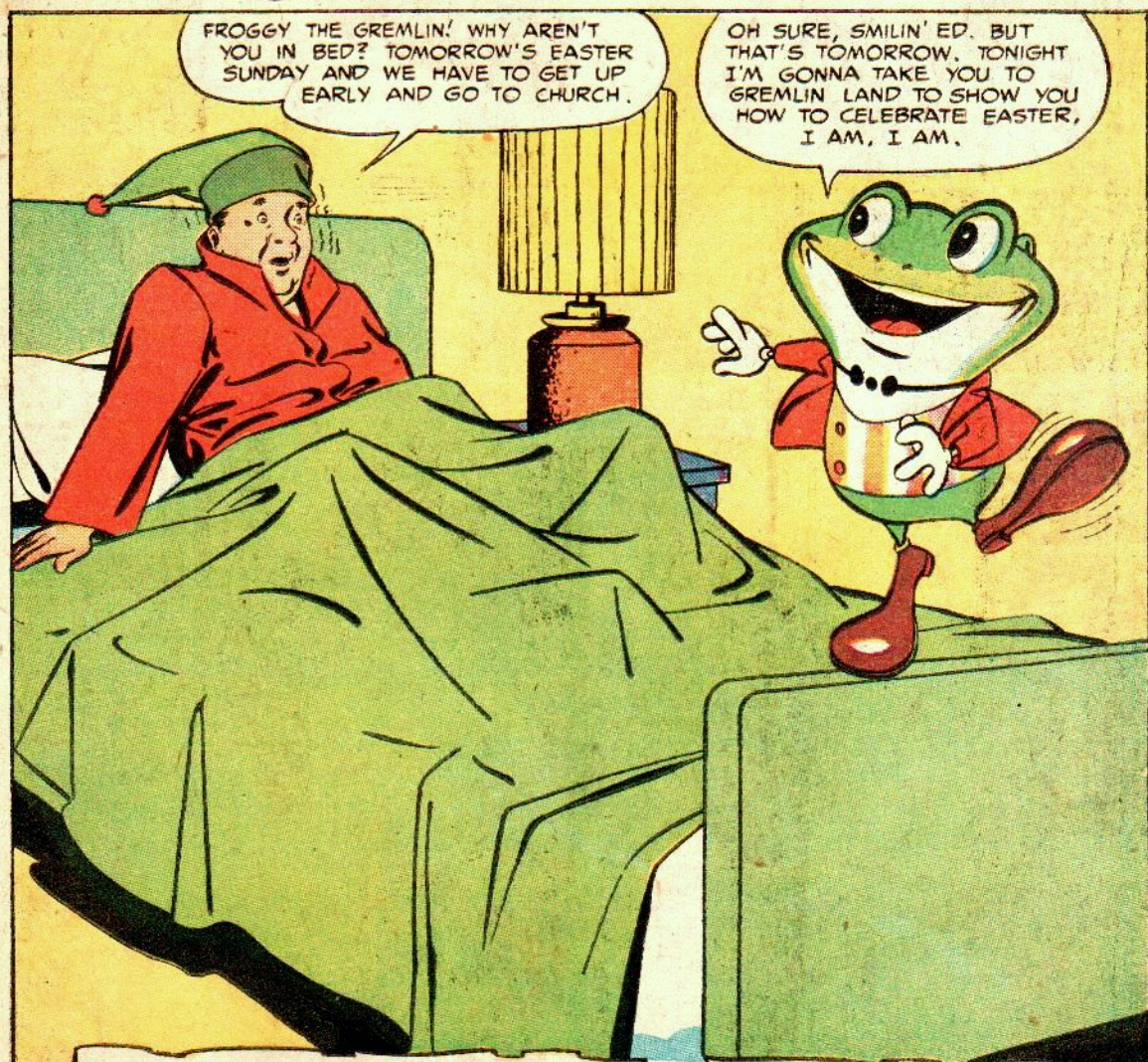
GEE, DAD, WE CAN BOTH TAKE MOTHER TO CHURCH TOMORROW.



Smilin' Ed McConnell

VISITS

GREMLIN LAND



FROGGY THE GREMLIN! WHY AREN'T YOU IN BED? TOMORROW'S EASTER SUNDAY AND WE HAVE TO GET UP EARLY AND GO TO CHURCH.

OH SURE, SMILIN' ED. BUT THAT'S TOMORROW. TONIGHT I'M GONNA TAKE YOU TO GREMLIN LAND TO SHOW YOU HOW TO CELEBRATE EASTER, I AM, I AM.

SMLIN' ED AND HIS GANG HAD PLANNED A QUIET EASTER FOR A CHANGE, BUT FROGGY THE GREMLIN SEEMS TO HAVE OTHER PLANS, AT LEAST FOR HIMSELF AND 'SMILIN' ED.

WIN 24" Admiral

For Your Own Room!

TV

Just for coloring the
picture on the next page

500 2nd PRIZES
ADMIRAL PORTABLE RADIOS



Works all three ways—AC, or
DC, or Long-Life Batteries.
Gets all Standard Broadcasts
and new Civil Defense Bands.
Rich forest green case.



GIANT 24" SCREEN

HERE'S THE GRAND PRIZE! An Admiral TV for your very own. See any programs you want... anywhere you want. Your own room or workshop. Big life-size 24" TV screen with deluxe aluminized picture tube for twice-as-bright pictures. Ebony finish cabinet.

Enter

Buster Brown's Easter COLORING CONTEST

HERE'S ALL YOU DO — JUST FOLLOW THESE RULES

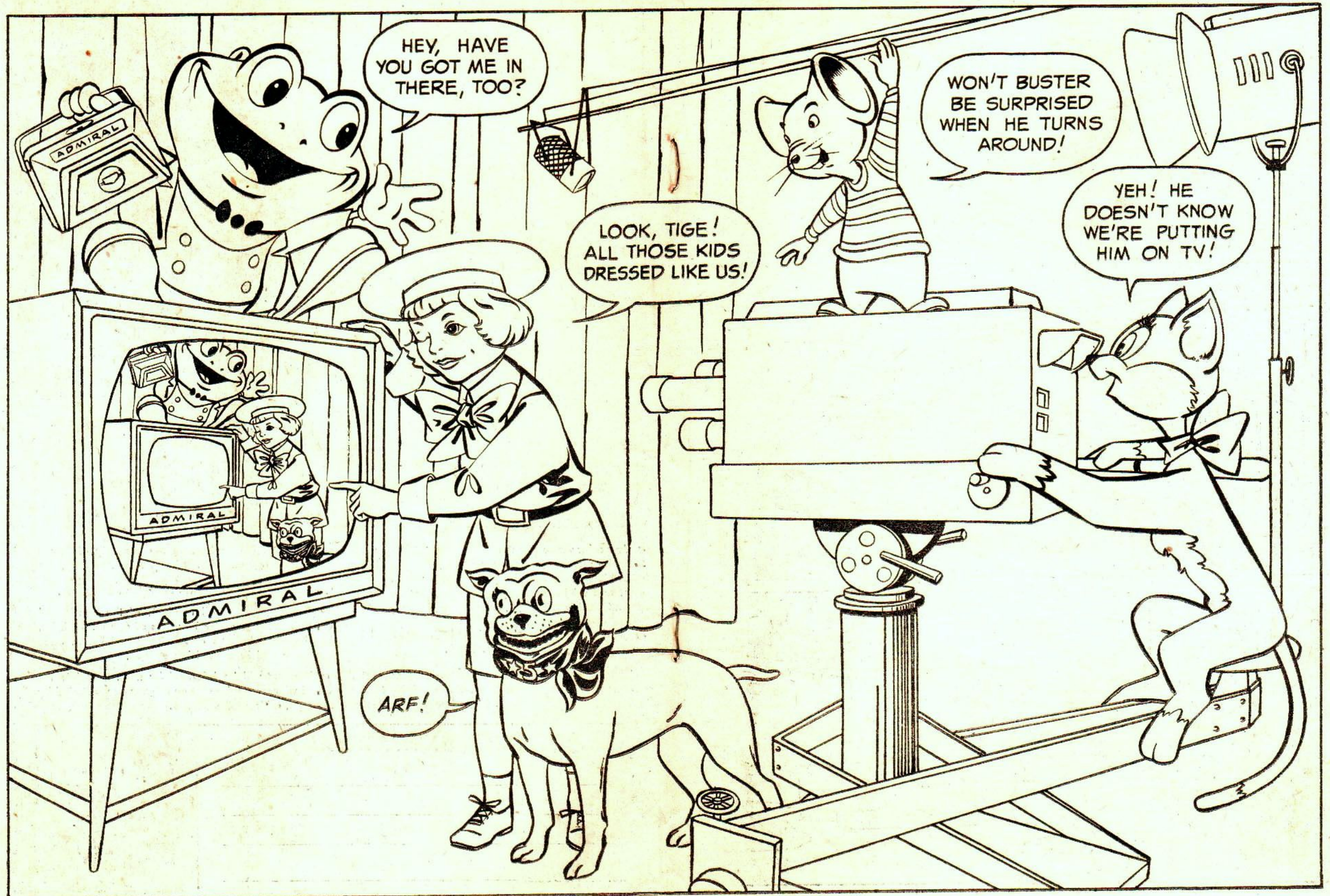
1. Just color with crayon or color pencil the black-and-white picture of Buster and the gang, which is on the inside spread of this insert. Then take out the whole insert and fill in the entry blank and mail to: Buster Brown Coloring Contest, P. O. Box 101, Clayton 5, Mo.
2. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 12 and received by April 15, 1955.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of neatness, attention to detail, creative and imaginative ability indicated. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Entries become the property of Brown Shoe Company and will not be returned.
4. No one person may win more than one prize.
5. Contest open to all residents of the Continental United States under 14 years of age on April 12, 1955 except families of employees of Brown Shoe Company and its advertising agency.
6. Winners will be informed by mail. Complete list of winners will be sent on request accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

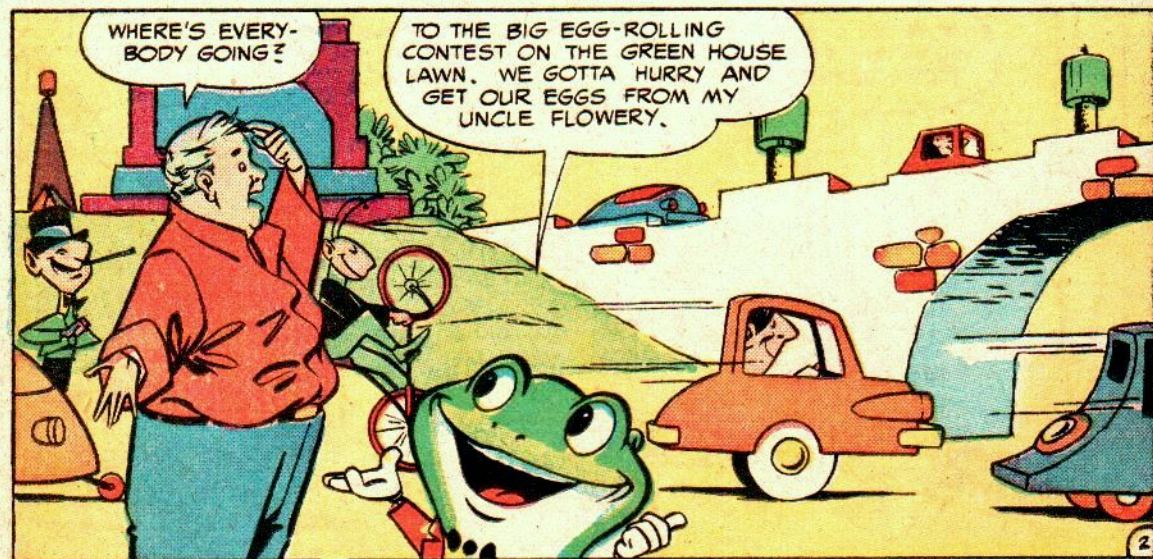
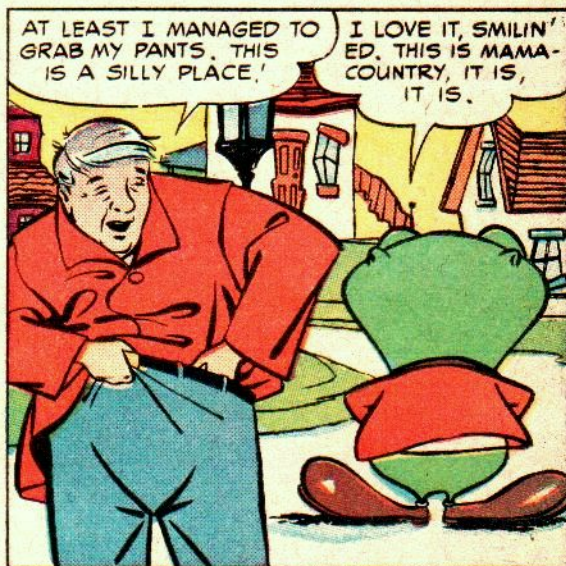
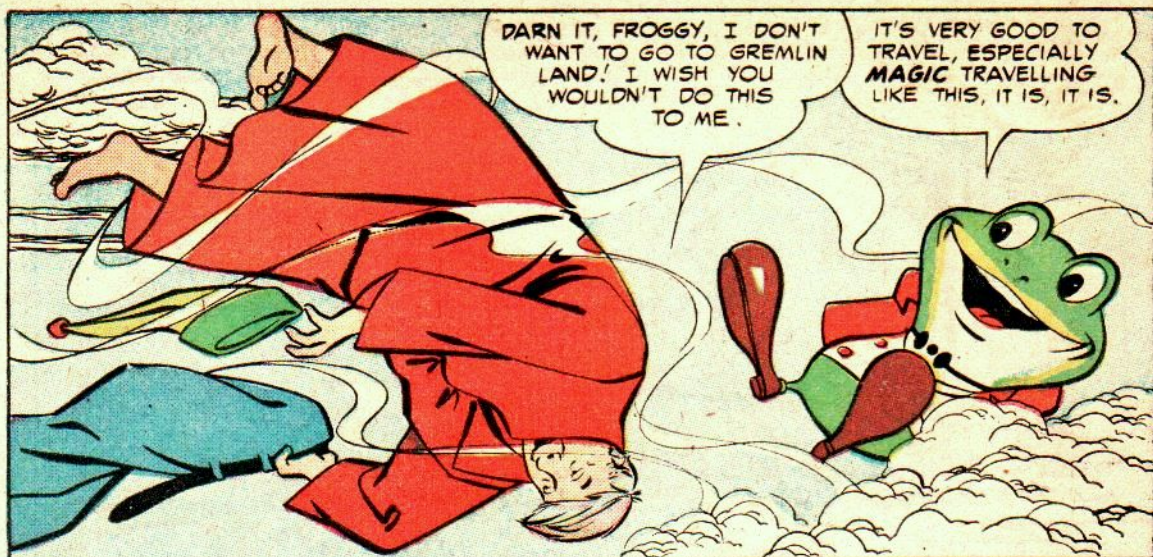
OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

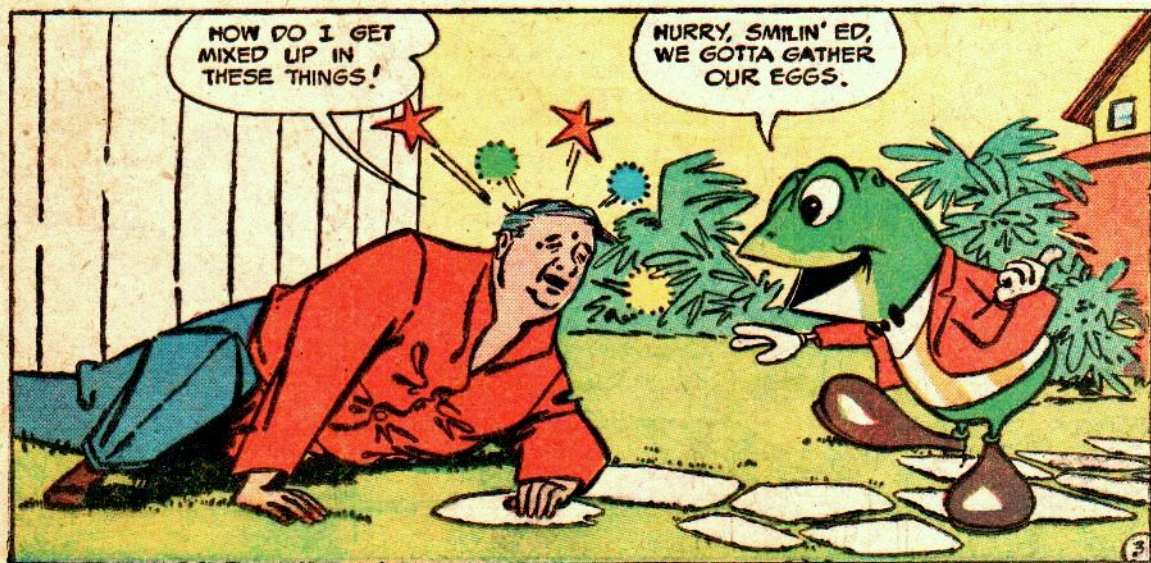
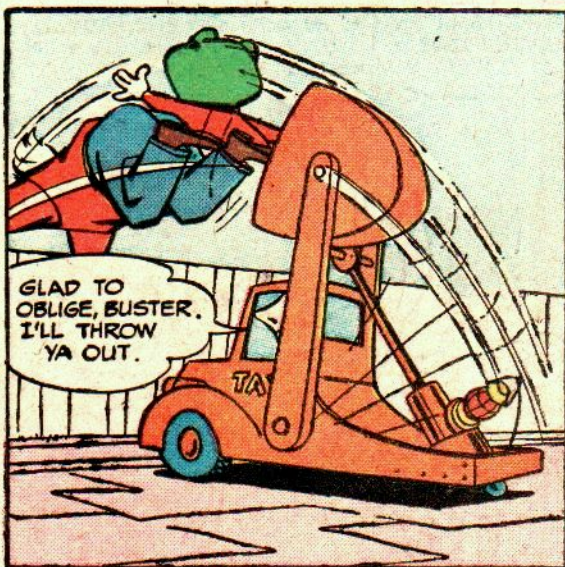
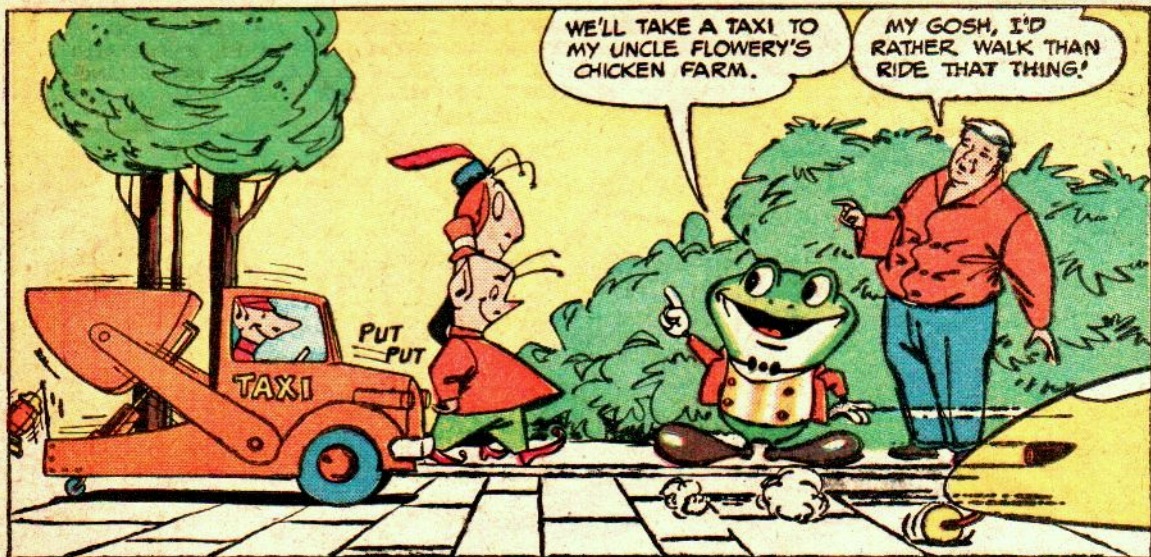
Name _____
Address _____ Age _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Name of
Buster Brown Dealer _____

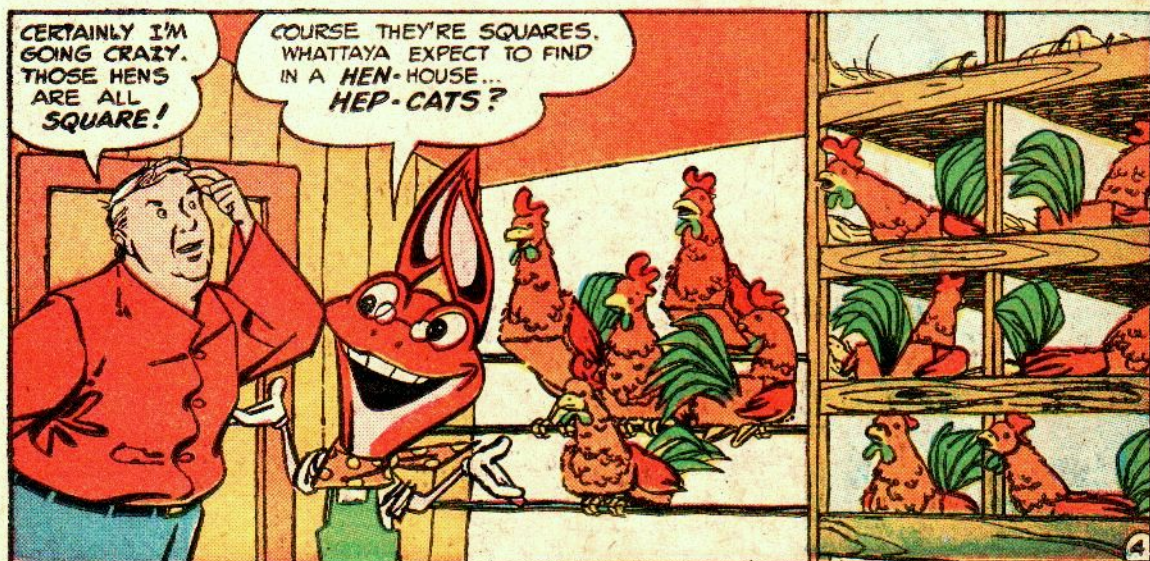
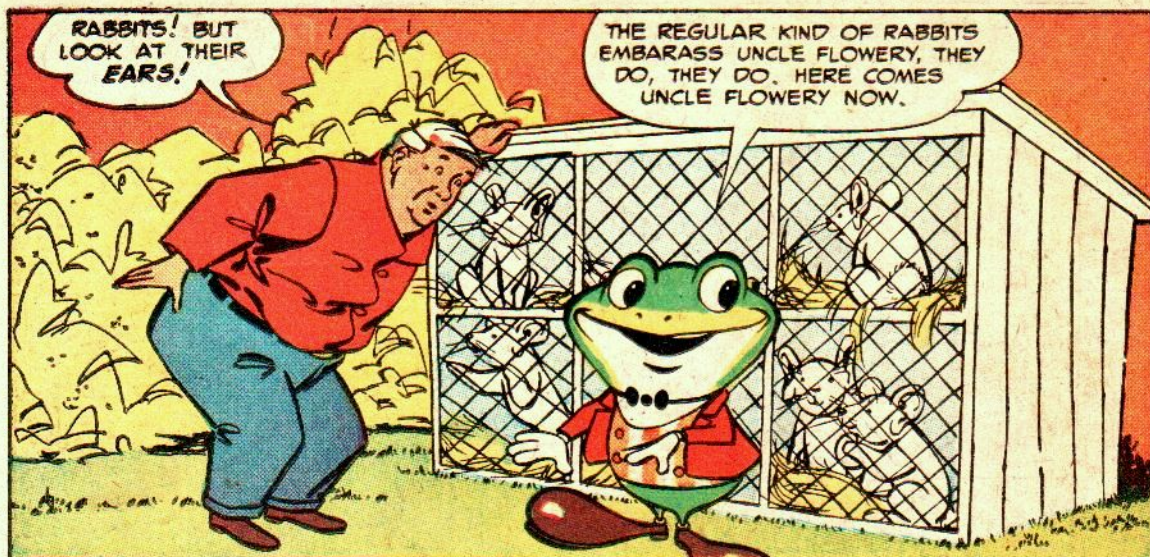
Turn the page
and start
coloring →

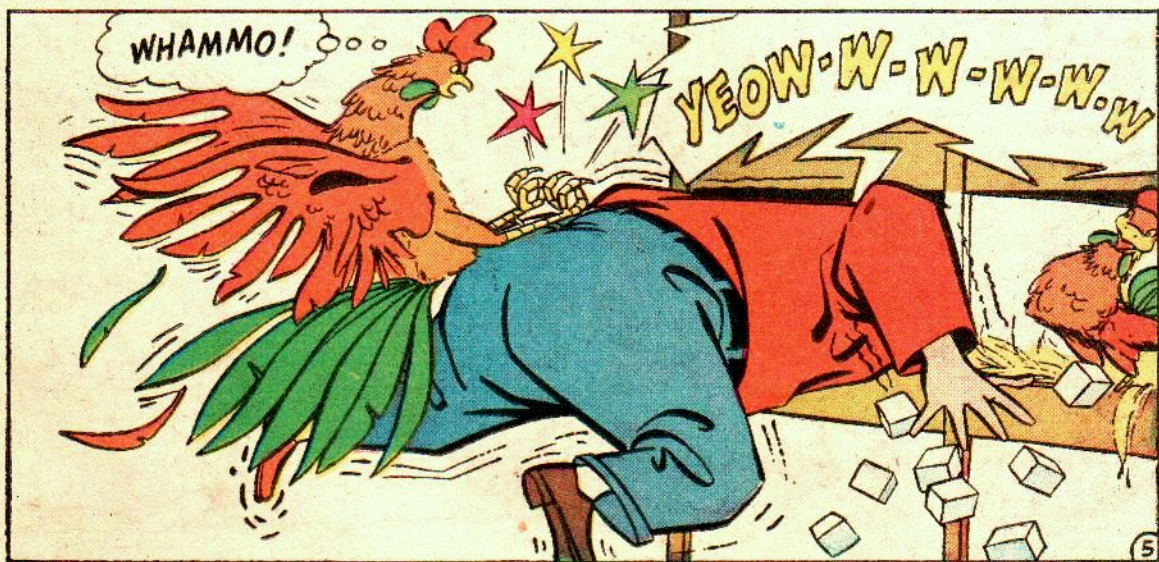
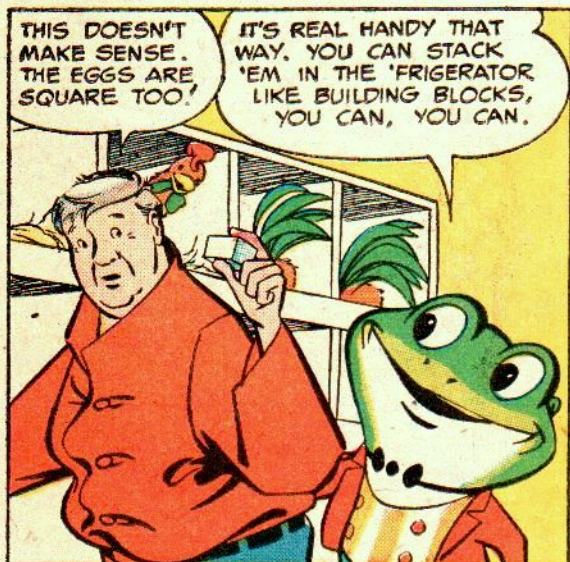
COLOR THIS PICTURE FOR THE CONTEST

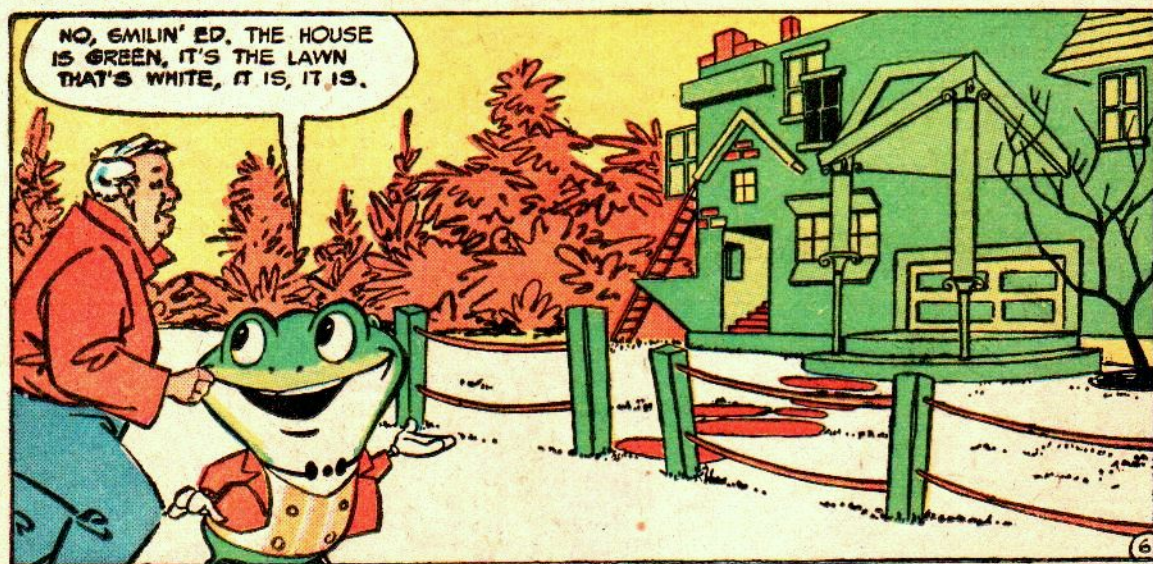
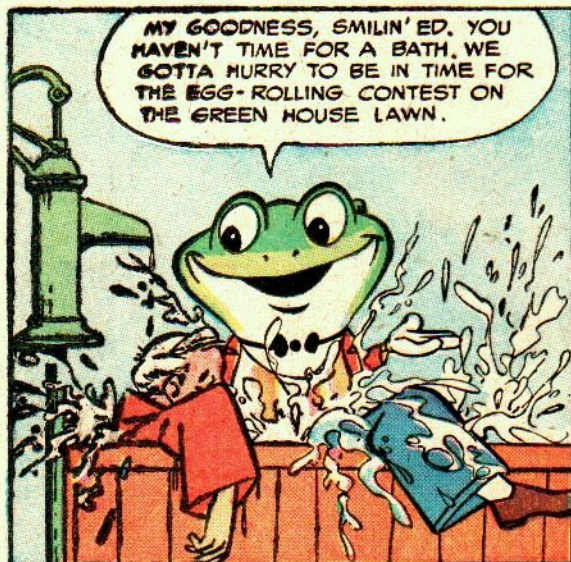
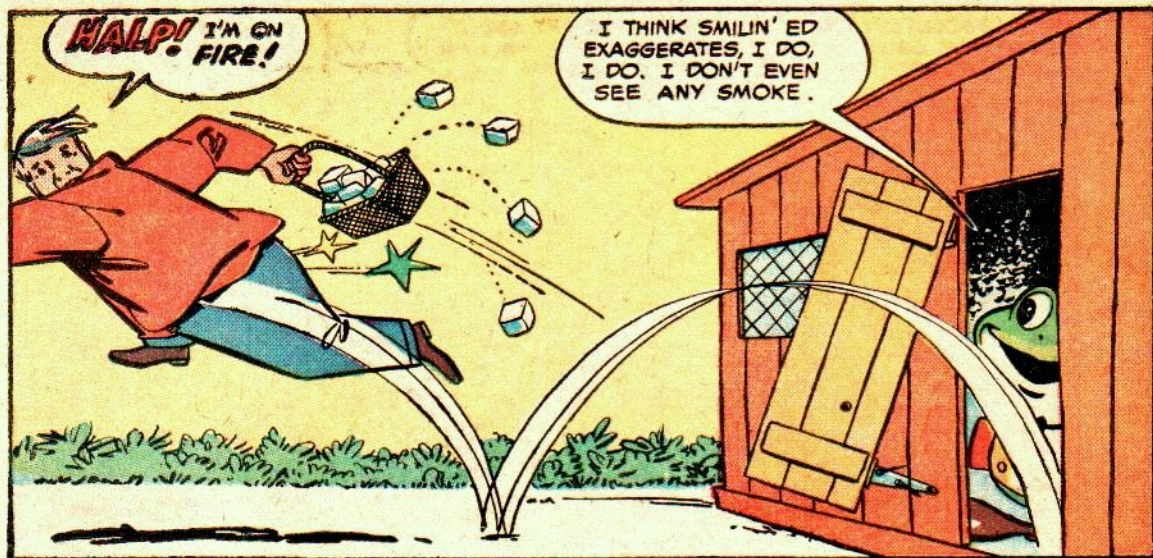


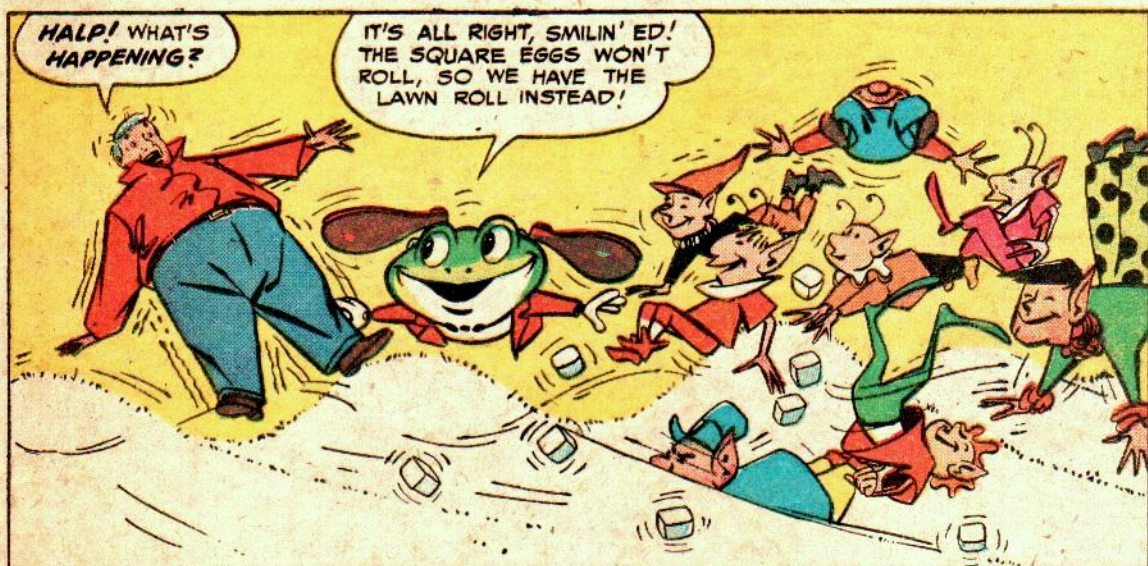








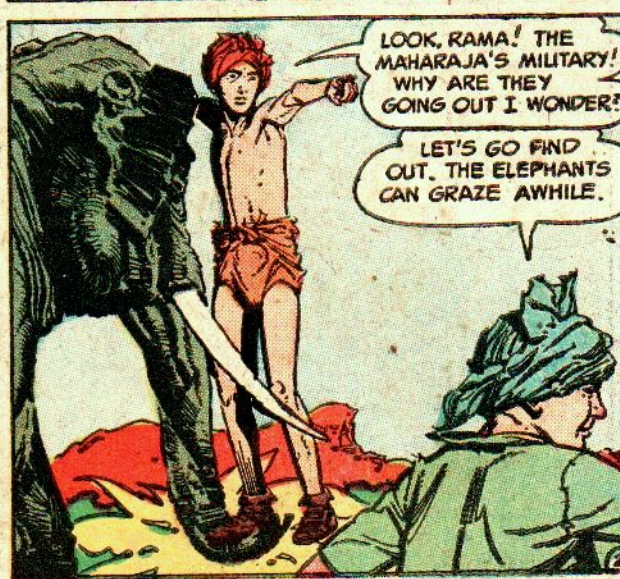
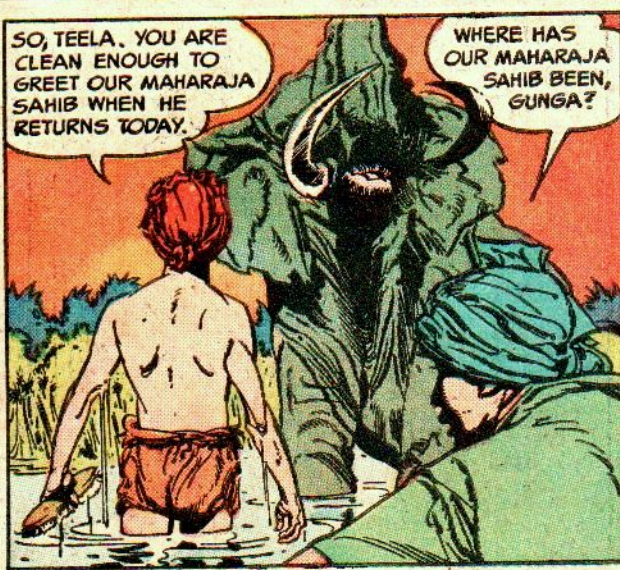
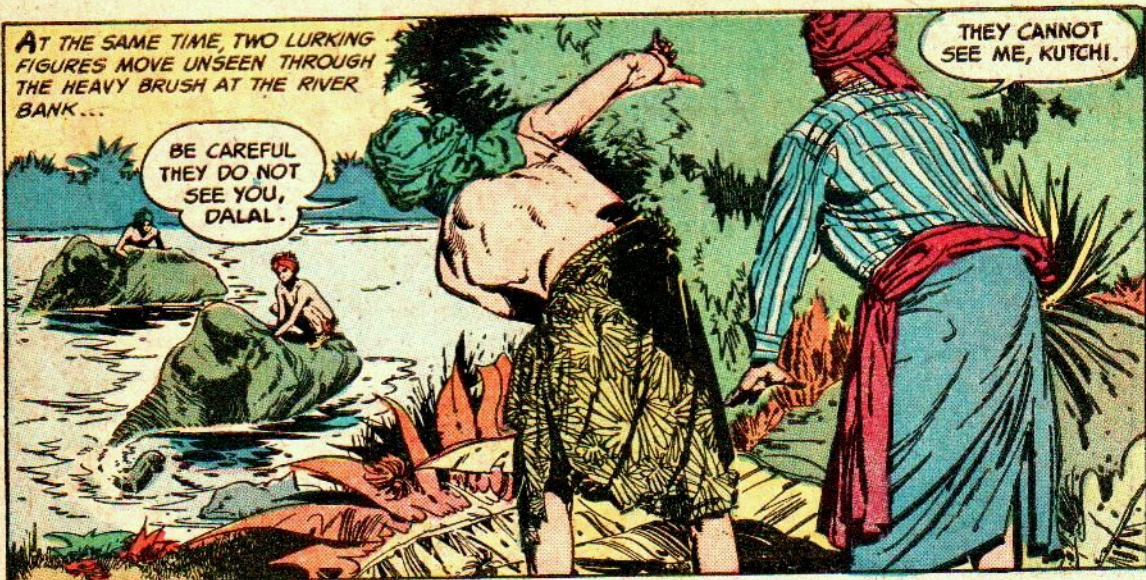




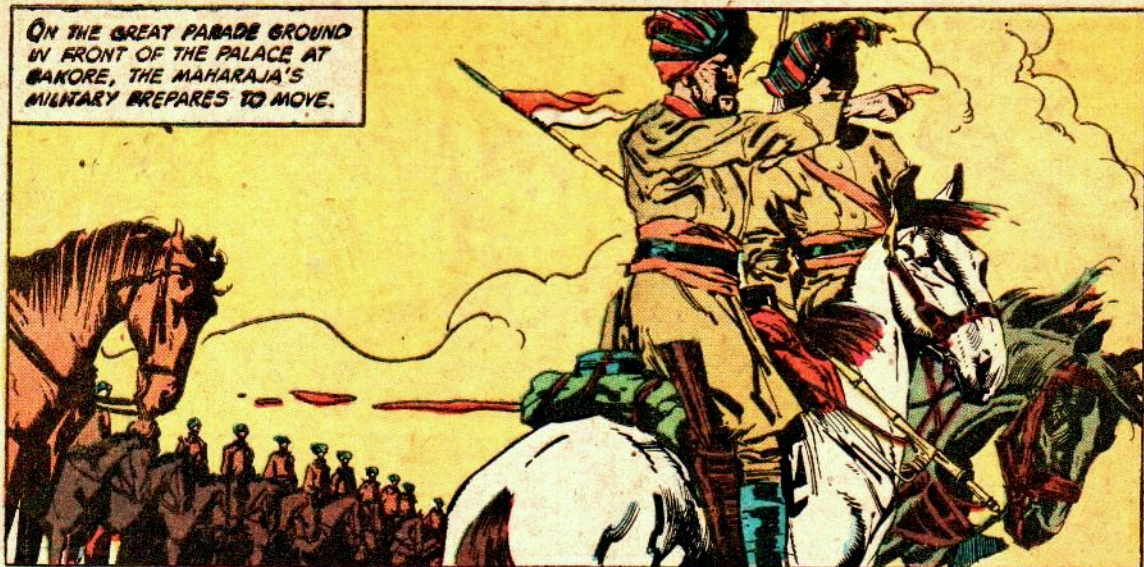
The RANSOM RUBY



GUNGA, MAHOUT TO THE YOUNG MAHARAJA OF BAKORE, AND HIS FRIEND, RAMA, WASH THEIR TWO GREAT CHARGES IN THE RIVER, AND NEITHER OF THEM EVEN SUSPECT THAT SOON, WITH THEIR ELEPHANTS, THEY WILL BE PLUNGED INTO AN ADVENTURE WHICH WILL BRING THEM CLOSE TO A HORRIBLE DEATH.



ON THE GREAT PARADE GROUND
IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AT
BAKORE, THE MAHARAJA'S
MILITARY PREPARES TO MOVE.



SINGH... WHY DOES THE
MILITARY MOVE OUT?

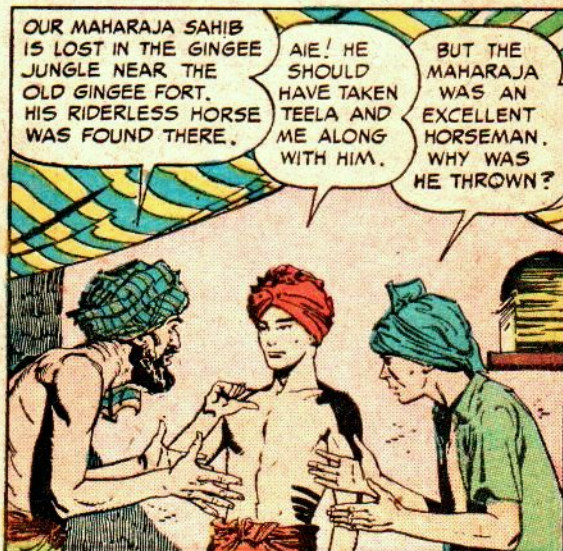
A TERRIBLE THING
HAS HAPPENED,
GUNGA!



OUR MAHARAJA SAHIB
IS LOST IN THE GINGEE
JUNGLE NEAR THE
OLD GINGEE FORT.
HIS RIDERLESS HORSE
WAS FOUND THERE.

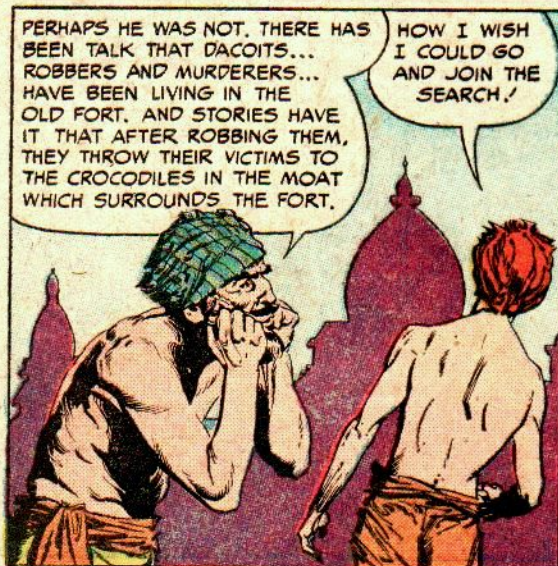
AIE! HE
SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN
TEELA AND
ME ALONG
WITH HIM.

BUT THE
MAHARAJA
WAS AN
EXCELLENT
HORSEMAN.
WHY WAS
HE THROWN?



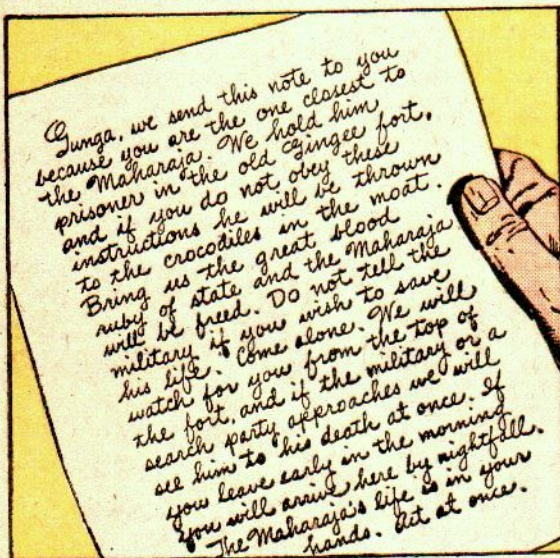
PERHAPS HE WAS NOT. THERE HAS
BEEN TALK THAT DACOITS...
ROBBERS AND MURDERERS...
HAVE BEEN LIVING IN THE
OLD FORT. AND STORIES HAVE
IT THAT AFTER ROBBING THEM,
THEY THROW THEIR VICTIMS TO
THE CROCODILES IN THE MOAT
WHICH SURROUNDS THE FORT.

HOW I WISH
I COULD GO
AND JOIN THE
SEARCH!

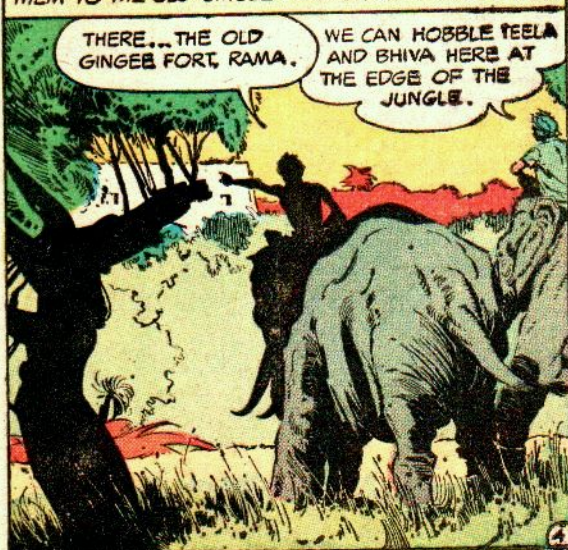


WE HAD BEST CARE FOR OUR
ELEPHANTS, THEN PERHAPS
WE CAN THINK OF
SOMETHING TO DO.





AND HE PREDICTED, BY RIDING ALL NIGHT, GUNGA LED THEM TO THE OLD GINGEE FORT BY EARLY MORNING.



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE OLD FORT, THE MAHARAJA IS HELPLESS IN THE HANDS OF HIS CAPTORS.

CALL THE SERVANTS, KUTCHI! HIS HIGHNESS WANTS WATER.

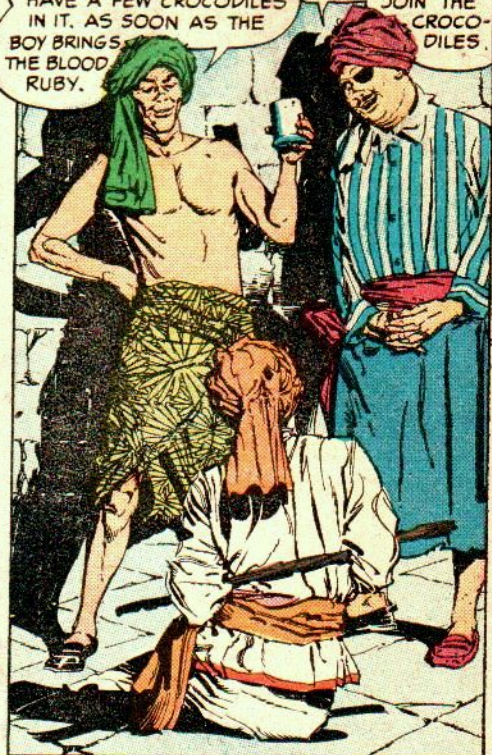
WATER! FOR HIS HIGHNESS? FETCH THE FINE WINES, DALAL.

WATER... PLEASE.



SOON YOU WILL HAVE ALL THE WATER YOU CAN DRINK, THOUGH IT MAY HAVE A FEW CROCODILES IN IT. AS SOON AS THE BOY BRINGS THE BLOOD RUBY.

AND WE THINK HE CAN. THEN YOU BOTH WILL JOIN THE CROCODILES.



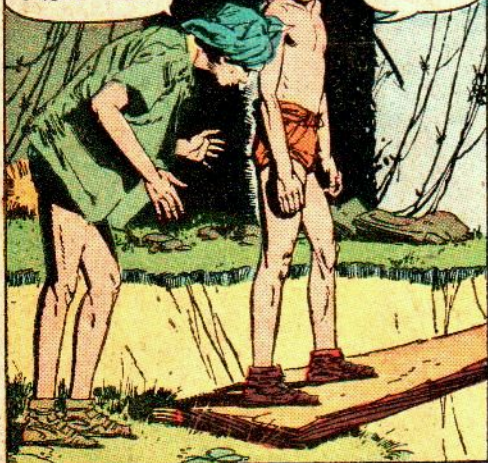
WE MUST GO CAREFULLY, RAMA. EVEN THOUGH THEY WILL NOT BE EXPECTING US YET WE MAY BE SEEN.

AIE, GUNGA. THE OLD FORT IS A FEARFUL PLACE.



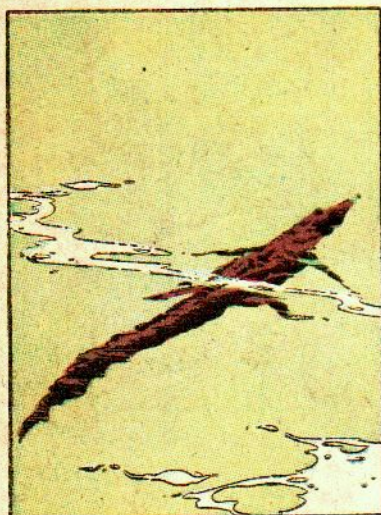
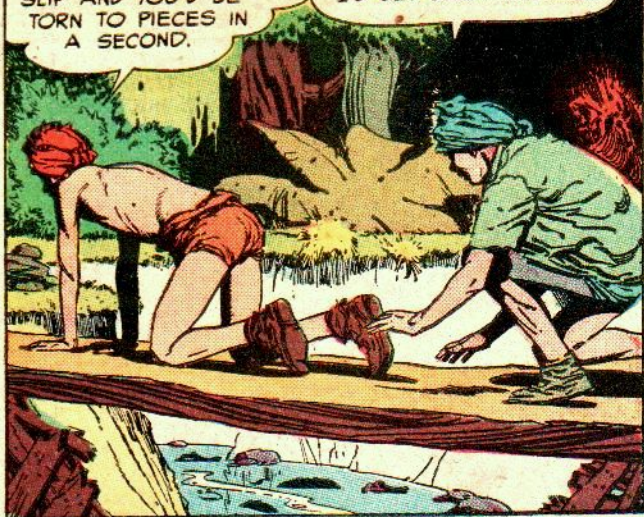
GUNGA...I...I'M AFRAID TO CROSS ON THAT TIMBER. THE...THE CROCODILES!

YOU WON'T BE, RAMA. COME. I'LL LEAD.



BE CAREFUL, RAMA, ONE SLIP AND YOU'D BE TORN TO PIECES IN A SECOND.

I WON'T LOOK DOWN. I'D GET DIZZY AND FALL.

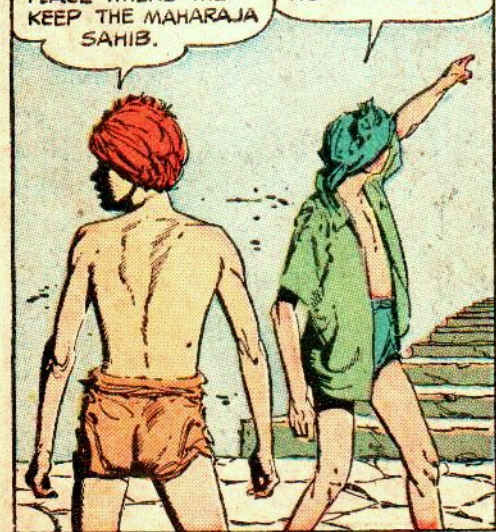


YOU ARE SAFELY ACROSS, RAMA. HERE, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.



WE WILL HAVE TO SEARCH FOR THE PLACE WHERE THEY KEEP THE MAHARAJA SAHIB.

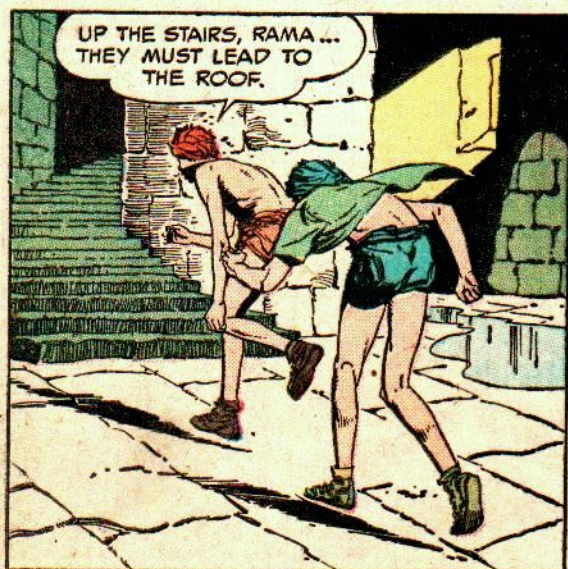
IT MUST BE UP THERE. THERE IS NOTHING BELOW.



PERHAPS WE SHOULD GIVE HIM WATER. IF HE CANNOT TALK WHEN THE BOY COMES PERHAPS THERE WILL BE TROUBLE.

PAH! BETTER HE CANNOT TALK. WE'LL DEAL SWIFTLY ENOUGH WITH THE BOY AND THE MAHARAJA. THE CROCODILE WILL LEAVE NO TRACE OF THEM, THEN WE WILL JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR THE MAHARAJA AND NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT US.





WITH THE KIDNAPPERS AT THEIR HEELS, GUNGA AND RAMA RACE ALONG THE VINE-CROSSED ROOF...

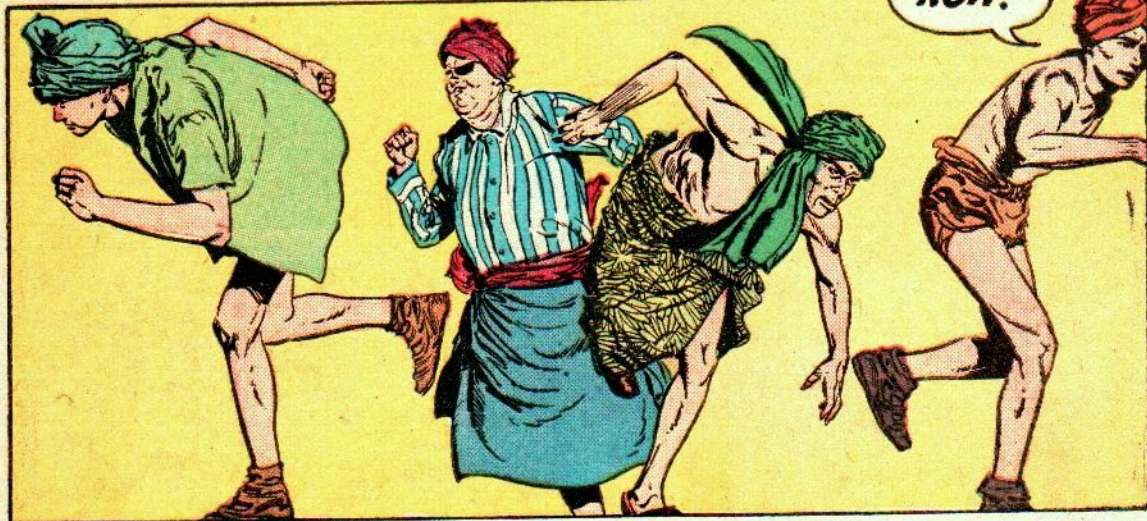
THERE THEY ARE!

AFTER THEM!



...AND AT GUNGA'S SIGNAL THE BOYS SUDDENLY TURN...

NOW!



...AND THEIR TRAP IS SPRUNG!

UNABLE TO STOP THEIR HEADLONG RUSH DALAL AND KUTCHI HURTLE OVER THE ROOF'S EDGE!

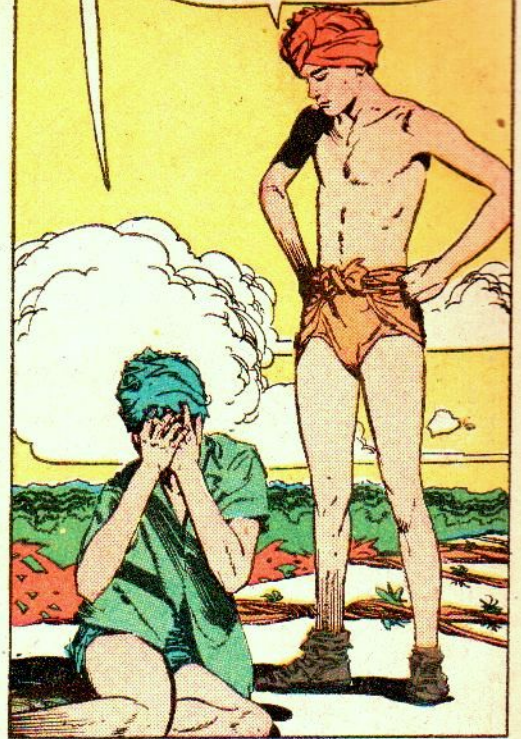


AND FAR BELOW IN THE MURKY WATERS OF THE OLD MOAT, RAVAGING CROCODILES QUICKLY END THE EVIL CAREERS OF DALAL AND KUTCHI.



AIE! I WISH TO SEE NO MORE.

NOR I. BUT THEY GOT ONLY WHAT THEY DESERVED. COME QUICKLY... OUR MAHARAJA NEEDS US.



MORE WATER, HIGHNESS?

NO, THANK YOU, GUNGA. I FEEL MUCH STRONGER ALREADY.



I DID WRONG PERHAPS TO TAKE THE BLOOD RUBY FROM YOUR SAFE, HIGHNESS. BUT I THOUGHT ONLY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.

THE RUBY CAN GO BACK INTO THE SAFE NOW AND NO HARM DONE. IF YOU AND RAMA DID ANYTHING WRONG, IT WAS ONLY THAT YOU PUT YOURSELVES INTO DANGER TO SAVE ME. AND I THANK YOU FROM MY HEART.



**"Trust your
Buster Brown
Shoeman for
EXPERT FIT"**

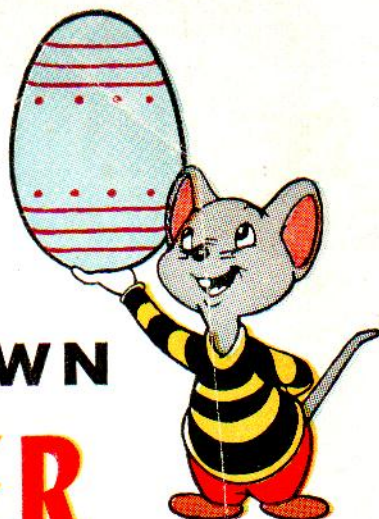
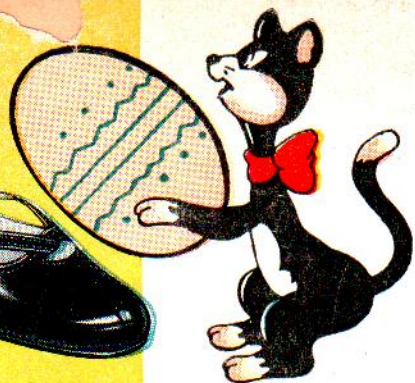


Dear buddies and mothers and dads:

The Buster Brown folks really know how to make shoes that are *shaped* to fit growing feet properly. Buster Brown Shoes are made on "Live-Foot" Lasts, so called, because they actually are shaped like the lively feet of children. That's the first part of the Buster Brown fit story. The second part is that the shoemen at your Buster Brown store are experts in fitting boys and girls in just the right size and width for the greatest comfort and freedom. Take it from me, they'd rather lose a sale than sell a pair of shoes that weren't exactly right.

Sincerely,

Smilin' Ed



BUSTER BROWN EASTER PARADE



Kids! Hurry! Tell Mom to get you a pair of these swell-looking Buster Brown shoes for the Easter Parade.

The name and address of your Buster Brown shoe man is on the front cover of this book.

